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To Howard Graduates.

The Practical Fruits of Thorough Education.

Attorney W. Justin Carter, Delivered a Telling Address to the Graduates of the English and College Departments of Howard University—"Cast Down Your Buckets Where You Are."

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen, Class of 1903:—It has been about thirteen years ago since I sat upon the platform of yonder old college chapel, feeling no doubt as you feel now, stirred by the same doubts and fears, looking out to the future with the same hopefulness and anxiety, which, with all, are yours to-night. This is, indeed, a serious moment to you. It is the hour which calls forth the past, and from which you look toward the future with sensations new to your minds and hearts.

What will the future be? To this query it is yours to reply. The superstructure which you will rear to-morrow will bear some proportion to the foundation here laid. What word of mine can add anything to the weight of those admonitions, chidings, or possible rebukes, which you have received from the strict and loving care of your preceptors? I doubt that you have always considered their chidings or their rebukes in the real and beautiful spirit in which I know they were given. You will learn in the world which you will meet and face, that those who would gain some point of vantage over you will sometimes flatter you. Those who would court your favor will sometimes flatter you. Those who would lull you to inactivity and listlessness, that their own ambitions might be forwarded, will sometimes flatter you. But those who love you best, who entertain for you the kindest solicitude, who would seek your real advantage, will tell you the truth, will criticize you, will admonish you, possibly rebuke you. Take such things in kindness and remember them as given here from your preceptors with gratitude. Many of things most helpful to me now, things which guide me and steer me in daily life, I received, sir, when I sat at your feet. They came, I confess, too often possibly in the form of admonition or in the dark color of rebuke. You will recall that occasion on which you gave me a zero in an examination in algebra, because I forgot to write my name at the top of the paper in accordance with your notice to do so. That rebuke has kept me from forgetting to put my name on many another paper where serious results to the in-

Men of the Hour.



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terest of others might have followed so slight an omission.

Discipline is as important as instruction, as those of us who came up through the joint regime of yourself and that great good angel of mental and moral benefaction can well attest. I mean Miss Martha M. Briggs. She sleeps to-night beneath that New England sky she loved so well; she was a daughter of Massachusetts, a sister of those great Brain Plutocrats, those oppression killing barons; those man-loving and manlifting warriors, who, Jove-like, a few decades ago, moved among the very clouds of intellectual greatness, and who, from their height of vantage, pelted with storms and shivered with lightnings

the structures which man-thieves reared to corral slaves and imprison souls. I bless that fate which brought me at her feet. I still mourn the day she left us to live with those up yonder. Our Monitor, our guide, our preceptress, our queen. Let us not say that she is dead, who liveth still in so many hearts, and speaketh yet through so many lives. But till we meet her again, to account for the use of her instruction, great, good, virtuous soul, we tell thee again, good-by. But this, class, is your night; sacred to your hope and future. The tide of your joy is to-night at its flood, the cup of your satisfaction is full now

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Pupils Given Diplomas

Mrs. J. R. Francis Delivered a Splendid Address to the Graduating Class

Selections Rendered by the Glee and Mandoline Clubs—President Packard, of School Board, Attended Exercises.

The Academy of Music was crowded last night with patrons and friends of the Colored High and Training School, to witness the fifteenth annual commencement of that institution. The diplomas were delivered to the graduates by Mayor McLane, who also made a short speech. The graduating class was the largest in the history of the school.

Annual prizes were awarded as follows: First, Minnie T. B. Jackson; second, Warner W. Neal, and third, Prentiss R. Johnson.

The address to the graduates was delivered by Mrs. John R. Francis, of Washington. Her allusions to Booker T. Washington, and Tuskegee Institute were received with hearty applause. Rev. J. L. Thomas, of Sharp St. Memorial Methodist Episcopal Church, made the opening and closing prayers. The music of the evening was furnished by Prof. John Itzel's orchestra and the Colored High and Training Schools' Chorus and Glee and Mandolin Club. Miss Helen M. Place, superintendent of music in the public schools, was in charge. She was assisted on the piano by Miss Baker. Prof. J. N. Waring is principal of the school.

In the boxes were President J. N. Packard, of the School Board; Assistant Superintendent H. M. Wise, Rabbi William Rosenau, President Evan H. Morgan, of the First Branch City Council, and others.

MRS. FRANCIS THE SPEAKER.

The address of the evening was delivered by Mrs. J. R. Francis, of the District of Columbia:

Upon the young men and women who graduate to-night, I wish to impress the fact that your appearance on the scene of active life is at an opportune time, when the attention of the foremost governments of the world is engaged upon the great project of bettering the condition or the upbuilding of the least fortunate and backward masses of mankind. What a glorious privilege awaits you to begin at the outset of your career as a helping factor in this great work in your own country! If the long unrest of Ireland is about to end in quiet and prosperity, if the peasantry of Russia be lifted even a little and some gleam of religious and personal liberty shine in on their long oppressed life, if the reconstruction of the British colonies in South Africa

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